Go To Sleep

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Go To Sleep

by Bordementions

Summary

Your General knows you wont last through the fight, so she'll take the burden upon herself instead.

Alone.

Notes

Whoopsss got distracted because im stupid have this short Fei fic while i make other stuff haha

Working on so much stuff i swear you have to believe me

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

The silence that follows a massacre is heavy enough to crush the lungs.

A phrase you've heard before. Somewhere.

For days, the air had been just that, a screaming cacophony of fire, of flesh, and the howls of monsters. Now, there is only the wind whistling through the ribcages of the fallen and the ragged, wet rasp of your own breathing.

You try to take a step, but your legs are trembling columns of jelly. A sharp, blinding agony shears through your nervous system, radiating from your lower abdomen. You look down, your vision swimming in a haze of gray static.

The armor there has been torn away, likely by a jagged piece of shrapnel or a lucky swipe of a claw. Below the metal and fabric, the wound is terrible. A deep, ugly gash weeps freely, soaking the visible skin and the fabric of your pants in a dark, hot saturation.

You know what'll happen. You've seen enough soldiers die to know that your internal organs are compromised. The cold creeping into your fingertips isn't the weather; it's your life leaking out into the dust.

Yet, you lock your knees. You force your spine straight. You are a soldier of the Xianzhou, and more importantly, you are her last standing companion.

"You're swaying, little fox."

The voice is a low rumble, familiar and grounding. You look up—and up, and up.

Feixiao towers over you, a monolith of white and teal against the gray sky. She stands tall despite the surroundings, a statue of war. She isn't unscathed; her white trench coat is tattered at the hem, stained with a map of splatter that isn't hers. A cut runs across her cheek, and bruising darkens her skin, but you can already see the edges of her wounds knitting together—the miraculous vitality of the Borisin bloodline doing its work.

She isn't looking at the horizon where the next wave is inevitably gathering. She is looking at you. Her teal eyes, usually burning with the thrill of the hunt or the mirth of a good joke, are

uncharacteristically dim. The white rings around her pupils seem to tremble.

"I'm fine, General," you lie. You try to salute, or at least shift your weight to a combat stance, but your body betrays you, buckling forward.

A large hand, calloused and impossibly warm, catches you by the shoulder before you hit the dirt. Her grip is firm enough to bruise, but she holds you with a terrifying gentleness.

"Easy," Feixiao murmurs. She doesn't pull away. Instead, she steps closer, allowing you to lean your meager weight against the solid wall of her body. The height difference is stark; the top of your head barely brushes her chest. "Save the heroics for someone else, yeah? You look like you're about to kick it any second."

"I can still... hold a sword," you wheeze, clutching your side. The blood is hot between your fingers. "They're coming back. I can smell them, upwind."

Feixiao's fox ears twitch atop her head, swiveling toward the direction you stated, but her expression doesn't harden into that familiar battle-lust. Instead, her jaw tightens. A shadow passes over her face, something that looks dangerously like grief.

"I know," she says softly. "I hear them too."

She shifts her grip, moving her hand from your shoulder to the back of your head, her fingers tangling briefly in your hair. It's a gesture so intimate, so unlike the her,' that it sends a shiver through you.

"But look at us," she sighs, forcing a lopsided, jagged grin that doesn't quite reach her eyes. "I'm out of breath, and you're leaking all over yourself. It's hardly the proper state for a grand last stand, is it?"

"We don't have a choice," you argue weakly, though your vision is tunneling. "We have to... defensive positions..."

"We have a moment," Feixiao interrupts, her voice dropping an octave. She looks down at you, her gaze tracing the devastating wound on your stomach, then back up to your eyes. She swallows hard. "The Lacking General is lacking in patience, usually. But right now? I think I'm lacking the energy to listen to you nag me about what to do."

She gently steers you toward a piece of fallen debris—the shattered

hull of some kind of vehicle that provides a meager windbreak.

"Sit with me," she commands. It's phrased as a request, but the tone leaves no room for argument. "Just for a minute. Let the adrenaline settle."

"Fei..." you protest, using the nickname you only dare utter when no one is watching. "If we stop... I don't think I can get back up."

Feixiao flinches. It's minimal, gone in a flash, buried under her usual mask of bravado. She leans her axe against the metal hull, the blades dull with dried blood.

"Then don't get up," she says, her voice straining for lightness. She lowers herself to the ground first, sitting with her back against the metal, her long legs stretching out. She pats the ground beside her, in the space next to her. "Come on. Rest your legs. You've been running on fumes for three days."

You hesitate, your instincts screaming that movement is life and stillness is death. But the pain is a roaring fire in your body, and the promise of rest is seductive. Slowly, painfully, you lower yourself. You collapse more than sit, falling against her side.

Feixiao immediately wraps a massive arm around your shoulders, pulling you flush against her. She is a furnace of body heat. You can feel the steady, powerful thump of her heart against your ear.

"There," she exhales, the sound vibrating through her chest. "Better?"

"Yeah… better," you mumble, your eyelids feeling like lead weights. The smell of her masks the stench of the dead. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Feixiao is staring down at you, her head tilted. She reaches out with her free hand, her thumb brushing a smudge of dirt and blood from your cheekbone. Her nails are sharp, dangerous things, yet she touches you as if you are made of glass.

"Like what?" she asks, her voice feigning innocence.

"Like you're sad," you whisper. "You're never sad. Never visibly at least."

Feixiao lets out a huff of laughter, but it sounds dry, brittle. "Maybe I found something to be sad about," she says quietly, looking away from

you to stare at the jagged horizon. "Maybe I'm just regretting that we ran out of that wine before we deployed."

"Liar," you accuse, though your voice is losing its strength. "You're terrible at lying."

"And you're terrible at being quiet," she counters, though there is no bite in it. She pulls you closer, her grip tightening almost imperceptibly. "Just breathe, soldier. I've got the watch. I've got you."

You rest your head against her shoulder, the fabric of her turtleneck soft against your skin. You trust her. If she says you have a moment, you believe her.

"Fei?"

"Yeah?"

"We're going to win this, right?"

You feel her chest hitch, just once. A pause that lasts a heartbeat too long.

"Of course," Feixiao says, her voice thick, turning her gaze back down to you with an expression of devastating tenderness. "Victory is inevitable. You and me... we're the best the Alliance has to offer."

"I know."

"You're shivering," Feixiao murmurs.

The wind is picking up, carrying the acrid stench of death with it.

"I'm... cold," you admit, your teeth chattering. The blood loss has stolen your body's ability to regulate heat.

"Can't have that," she says, her tone brisk but underlined with a strange, frantic energy. "Come here. Please."

She doesn't wait for your input. With effortless strength, she shifts, lifting you as easily as one might lift a child. She pulls you back until you are seated securely between her parted legs, your back flush against her chest. She wraps her legs around yours, her boots hooking over your ankles, effectively caging you in warmth. It's a position of absolute protection.

Feixiao wraps her arms around your midsection, avoiding the ruin of

your abdomen, and rests her chin on top of your head, her white hair cascading down around you like a veil. You are completely enveloped by her. In her shadow, the world feels smaller, safer.

"Better?" she asks, squeezing you tight.

"Much," you breathe out, your head lulling back against her sternum. "You're... really warm, Fei."

"It's the Borisin blood," she jokes darkly, though her arms tighten around you, pulling you in until there is no space left between you. She holds you like a plush toy she's afraid to lose, her grip bordering on painful.

"Runs hot. burns fast. Use it while you can."

Your hand is still white-knuckled around the grip of your weapon. The metal is slick with your own blood, but you refuse to let go. Feixiao notices this, her large hand covering yours, her thumb stroking the back of your trembling knuckles.

"You're still holding that thing?" she whispers, her breath hot against your ear. "You're barely conscious, little one. You couldn't hit anything in front of you right now."

"If they come..." you slur, your eyes drooping, "I'll kill them. I'll cover you."

Feixiao lets out a sound that is half-laugh, half-sob. She buries her face in your hair, inhaling deeply. "You… you'd really do that? Bleeding out, half-dead, and you still think you're my shield?"

"Always," you whisper. It's the truth. You've followed the Merlin's Claw through hell and back. This is just another layer of hell. "That's the job. War buddies."

"Yeah. War buddies," she echoes, her voice thick with emotion.

"You needed... someone to watch your back," you mumble, the pain in your stomach receding into a dull, throbbing numbness as exhaustion takes over. The safety of her embrace makes your guard crumble. For the first time in years, you feel small. You feel allowed to be weak. "I'm glad it was me."

"I'm glad it was you, too," Feixiao says, her voice turning fiercely sappy, almost desperate. "You're the bravest soldier I've ever known.

Braver than the Vanguard. Braver than me."

You smile weakly, letting your head tip all the way back, exposing the pale, vulnerable line of your throat to the sky. You close your eyes, trusting her completely. You are safe here. As long as Feixiao is holding you, nothing can hurt you.

"Fei..." you start, wanting to see her face, to see that confident smirk that always tells you everything will be okay. You try to turn your head, shifting in her grip. "Let me see you."

"No," she says sharply.

Before you can process the tone, her grip shifts.

It happens in a blur. The arm that was draped lovingly across your chest snaps upward. The crook of her elbow hooks under your chin, and suddenly, the world tilts.

"Fei?"

The pressure is instantaneous and immense. Her forearm locks against the side of your neck, her bicep pressing against the other. It's a sleeper hold.

"Just sleep," she whispers, her mouth right against your ear. Her voice is shaking. "Don't look back. Just look up. Look at the stars."

"Fei—wait…" You gasp, your eyes flying open in shock. You try to inhale, but the air is cut off, trapped in your burning throat. "S-stop…"

Panic flares, sharp and electric, cutting through your exhaustion.

You try to struggle. You claw at the massive arm wrapped around your throat, your fingernails scraping uselessly against her skin and the fabric of her coat. But you are a broken doll against a mountain.

Clatter.

Your blade falls from your nerveless fingers, hitting the rocky ground with a sound of finality. You don't have the strength to pick it up. You don't have the strength to fight her.

"I'm sorry," Feixiao chokes out, her grip tightening, squeezing the arteries, shutting down the blood flow to your brain. "I'm so sorry. I won't let them touch you. I won't let them kill you."

"H-hurts..." you wheeze, the word barely a squeak. Your legs kick out weakly, boots scuffing the dirt, a pathetic, animal instinct to survive. Tears prick your eyes, spilling over to wet her arm. "Fei... please..."

"I know, I know," she sobs, rocking you slightly as she strangles the life from you. The contrast between the violence of the act and the gentleness of her rocking is a nightmare. "It'll be over in a second. Just a second. Close your eyes. Please, just close your eyes."

Your vision begins to spot with black. The gray sky above is fading. You can hear the thundering of your own heart in your ears, frantic and failing. You can't breathe. You can't think.

Why?

The question burns in your fading mind. Why is she doing this?

"I've got you," she whispers, sounding terrified and small. "I've got you. Go to sleep."

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